

*The Historie of*

*Prince.* Fayth, tell me now in earnest, how came *Falstaffe* Sword so hackt?

*Peto.* Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said he would sweare truth out of *England* but he would make you belecue it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to do the like.

*Car.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make them bleede, and then to beslobber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seauen yeares before, I blusht to heare his monstrous deuises.

*Prin.* O villaine, thou stolest a cup of Sacke eightene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, & yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bar.* My Lord, doe you see these meteors? doe you behold these exhalations?

*Prin.* I doe.

*Bar.* What thinke you they portend?

*Prin.* Hot Liuers, and cold Purses.

*Bar.* Cholér, my Lord, if rightly taken.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Prin.* No, if rightly taken, Halter. Here comes leane *Iacke*, here comes bare-bone. How now my sweete creature of Bombast, how long is't ago, *Iacke*, since thou sawest thine owne Kneec?

*Fal.* My owne Kneec? when I was about thy yeares (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles talent in the wast: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe-ring: a plague of sighing and griefe, it blows a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villanous newes abroad, here was sir *Iohn Braby* from your Father: you must goo to the Court in the morning. The same mad fellow of the North, *Percy*, and hee of *Wales*, that gaue *Amamon* the Bastinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and swore the *Dinell* his true liegeman vpon the crosse of a Welch hooke; what a plague call you him?

*Poin.* O, *Glendower*.

*Fal.* Owen, Owen, the same, and his Sonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly Scot of Scottes *Douglas*, that runnes a horse-back vp a hill perpendicular,

*Prin.* Hee that rides at high speed, and with a Pistoll killes a Sparrow flying.

*Fal.*

*Henrie the*

*Fal.* You haue hit it.

*Prin.* So did he neuer the Spawne.

*Fal.* Well, that rascall hath runne.

*Prince.* Why what a rascall a for running?

*Fal.* A horse-backe (ye cu budge a foote.

*Prin.* Yes *Iacke*, vpon instinct.

*Fal.* I grant ye, vpon instinct *Mordake*, and a thousand blew way by night, thy fathers beard you may buy Land now as cheape.

*Prin.* Then tis like, if there buffeting hold, we shall buy *Mordakes*, by the hundreds.

*Fal.* By the Masse lad, thou good trading that way. But tell me, thou being Heire apparant, thou being Heire apparant, out three such Enemies againe, *Percy*, and that diuell *Glendower* doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*Prin.* Not a whit yfayth: I am not afraid.

*Fal.* Well, thou wilt be honest thou comest to thy Father: I will answer.

*Prin.* Doe thou stand for me, I will tell thee the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content: this Coffer my Scepter, and this Cushion my Throne.

*Prin.* Thy State is taken for a leaden Dagger, and thy pittifull bald Crowne.

*Fal.* Well, and the fire of Conscience now shal'thou be moued. Give mine eyes looke redde, that it may see for I must speake in passion, and in vaine.